447

There's nothing to be had without money,
OR

Hee that brings mony in his hand
Is ſure to ſpeed by ſea or land,
But he that hath no coyne in's purſe
His fortune is a great deale worſe,
Then happy are they that alwayes haue
A penny in purſe their credit to ſaue.

227.

To a new Northerne tune, Or the Mother beguil'd the Daughter.

YOu gallants and you ſwagring blades
Giue care unto my ditty,
I am a boone companion knowne
In country, towne, and city,
I alwayes lou'd to weare good cloathes,
And euer ſcorned to take blowes,
I am belou'd of all me knowes,
But god a mercy penny.

My father was a man well knowne
That di'd to board by money,
His bags of gold he ſaid to him
More ſweeter were than hony,
But I his ſonne will let it fly,
In tauerne, or in ordinary,
I am beloued in company,
But god a mercy penny.

All ſorts of men both farre and neare
Where euer I reſorted,
My fellowſhip eſteemed deare,
Becauſe I was reported
To be a man of noted fame,
Some ſaid I well deſeru'd the ſame,
Thus haue I got a gallant name,
But god a mercy penny.

All parts of London I haue trode
Where merchants wares are plenty,
The Royall Exchange and faire cheapeſide
With ſpeaches fine and dainty,
They bring me in for to behold
Their ſhops of ſilver and of gold,
There might I chuſe what wares I would
But god a mercy penny.

For my contentment once a day
I walkt for recreation,
Through Pauls, Ludgate, & Fleet-ſtreet gay,
To raiſe an elevation:
Sometimes my humour is to range,
To Temple, Strand, and new Exchange
To ſee their faſhions rare and ſtrange;
But god a mercy penny.

I haue beene in Weſtminſter hall
Where learned lawyers plead,
And ſhewne my bill among them all
Which when they ſée and read,
My action quickly hath beene tride
No party there my ſuit denide,
Each one ſpake bravely on my ſide;
But god a mercy penny.

45. b. 28. 227.

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The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.

The famous abbey I haue ſeene
And haue the pictures view'd,
Of many a noble King and Queene
Which are by death ſubdu'd,
And hauing ſeene the fights moſt rare,
The water men full ready were
Before the riuer of Thames To beare;
But god a mercy penny.

Beare garden when I doe frequent
With Globe on the bankeſide,
Th'affoꝛd to me moſt rare content
As I full oft haue tride,
The beſt paſtime that they can make
They inſtantly will vndertake,
Foꝛ my delight and pleaſure ſake,
But god a mercy penny.

In euery place whereas I came
Both I and my ſweet penny,
Got entertainement in the ſame
And got the loue of many:
Both Taplers, Cokes, and Vintners fine
With other louiall friends of mine,
Will pledge my health in beere oꝛ wine,
But god a mercy penny.

Good fellowes company I diſ'd
As alſo honeſt women,
The painted drabs I ſtill refuſ'd
And wenches that are common,
There luring lookes I doe deſpiſe
They ſeeme ſo lothſome in mine eyes,
Yet one a ꝓiect did deuiſe
To gull me of my penny.

One euening as I paſt along
A laſſe with boꝛrowed fire,
Was ſinging of a tempting ſong,
Kind Sir quoth ſhe, draw neere,
But he that bites this rotten crab
May after chance to catch the ſcab.
No pander, baud, noꝛ painted drab,
Shall gull me of a penny.

But curled haire and painted face
I euer haue refrained,
All thoſe that get their liuing baſe
In heart I haue diſdained,
My conſcience is not ſtaind with pitch,
No tempting tongue ſhall me bewitch,
Ile make no puncke noꝛ pander rich,
Ile rather keepe my penny.

Yet will I neuer niggard be
While I remaine on earth,
But ſpend my money freelickely
In friendſhip loue and mirth.
Ile drinke my beare, Ile pay my ſcoꝛe
And ike diſpenſe ſome of my ſtoꝛe,
And to the needy and the poꝛe,
Ile freely giue my penny.

Thus to conclude as I began,
I wholly am inclin'd,
Wiſhing that each true hearted man
A faithfull friend may finde:
You that my verſes ſtay to heare
Draw money foꝛ to buy me beere,
The price of it is not to deere
T'will coſt you but a penny.

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